

HALLMARKS

2012





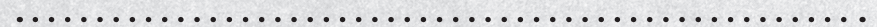
SWEET MAELSTROM

Creative Writing and Visual Art

from

The Harpeth Hall Upper School

3801 Hobbs Road • Nashville, TN • 37215



cover photograph by Avery Hannon
title page photograph by Delaney Royer
“Sweet Maelstrom” title by Nicole Jackson

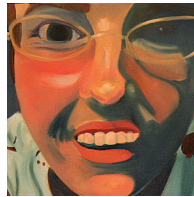
WRITING

poem for a friend • mary liza hartong	6
the nest • margaret anne pendleton	8
what i didn't tell you • marliese dalton	9
condolences • obi ananaba	10
my love, i ask no words • claire crawford	11
solo cup • lindsey lanquist	12
holding air • joy burkart	14
marge • mary liza hartong	16-17
stapler • litton whitaker	18
latin textbook • catherine walton	19
early decision • sarah oppenheimer	19
procrastinations • ellen dewitt	20
easy as cake • julie wilson	20
amoral moral • gracie king	23
madness is naught • gracie king	24
shadows • ansley murphy	25
carried through life on waves • grace hawkins	26
bloodhound • sarah oppenheimer	28
my sweetheart • anonymous	29
monday morning, 36th district precinct office • mary liza hartong	31
nocturnal • catherine walton	32
imbedded • catherine walton	33
freeman • julie wilson	34
her shine • nicole jackson	36
suffocating windows • grace hawkins	37
poetry is the mist • marliese dalton	38
vivacious ribbon • hollis herndon	39
passion with a spoon • halle zander	40
bubbling gray • claire perrone	42
gilded lion • natalie may	44
swift on stella • emerson smith	46
elizabeth i • natalie estes	47
god save your soul (johnny rotten) • lizzie boston	48-49
adrenaline • grace hawkins	511
self-imperfection • anne davis parks	back

ART WORK

fly me away • avery hannon	cover
bejeweled (portrait of l. day) • delaney royer	title page
self-portrait • lindsey lanquist	6
tranquility • mary graham harvey	7
fledglings • allison richter	8
self-portrait • maggie patterson	9
rocky mountains in the snow • catherine falls	10
if you think we're alive • maggie griswold	12-13
youth • hannah mackey	15
gloria goldenring • jessica goldenring	16-17
anna kate jernigan • tori dickerson	21
restless (portrait of n. green) • delaney royer	22-23
hell • ragan wilson	24
you forget everything • ragan wilson	25
splash • ellie davidson	26-27
elephant ears • hollis herndon	28
repair • marion cox	29
untitled • charlotte hughes	30
chloe's room • mary claire bennett	32-33
masquerade • julia alexander	35
3 p.m. • rosie compton	37
illusion • rosie compton	38-39
gone gaga • elise davis	40-41
champagne illusions • delara alviri	43
poker face • sarah hong	45
the bloody saint • caroline harwood	50
mr. president • alexandra arteaga	50
three boys • molly claybrook	50
polo heart • christina fortugno	50
keep consuming • noni hill	50
staircase • hayley mowery	50
mirror, mirror • lindsey lanquist	50
graffiti girl • kk rechter	50
lady in blue • jenna mores	50
ye rooz • natalie reiman	53

LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP



POEM FOR A FRIEND

Mary Liza Hartong

I can tell that we are becoming friends
 When I no longer feel like I have to be polite with you
 Nor you with me.
 I know that you hate my green sweatshirt because it makes me look,
 You say,
 Like a lump.
 I'm not a fan of your sarcasm or when you call yourself stupid.
 Yet, there's something triumphant in knowing these things.

So little is understood about the secret language of girls.
 Like eels with their electrical currents, we glide
 Through adolescence, sensing others of our kind
 And passing on our messages.
 For instance, I can push your glasses back up to the top of your nose
 Which, in friendship, means I love you.
 You can sense the moment when I desperately need someone
 to compliment my shoes, which I just bought and have immense pride in.

Still, we are only just entering this maze
 And I have so many questions I can't ask yet.
 The sorrows of your life still belong to you alone.
 I want to ask, "How do you go on after that?"
 But don't.
 For now I must accept the occasional confession.
 When you set your head on my shoulder
 Out of exhaustion or affection
 (and I never know which)
 It is my job in turn to
 rest my head on yours,
 as if to say
 "I'm here. Someone in the world is here."

There will be plenty of time to talk of important things
 But for now
 I want to tell you that I liked
 when you sat on my bed and talked to me
 because later,
 long after you had driven the winding roads home,
 the spot where you sat was still warm.

And this is how friendship should be,
 A piece of me kept warm by the mere thought of you once being here.
 I hope it is the same with you.

oil on canvas (opposite) • lindsey lanquist
monoprint (background) • mary graham harvey

THE NEST

Margaret Anne Pendleton



She leaves before dawn,
Hoping to get back to the nest before she awakes.
For today is the last day her baby will be hers alone.

She arrives back to the nest
Just as her little bird is stirring.
Dropping the worm into her tiny beak,
Mother questions, *Could it be? Is she still too weak?*

Later, she ponders to herself,
How did the time go by so very fast?
It seems like just yesterday I watched her hatch.

She anxiously proclaims,
As her baby prepares to take flight,
You will find life to be such a beautiful endeavor,
But, oh, how I long to hold on to you forever!

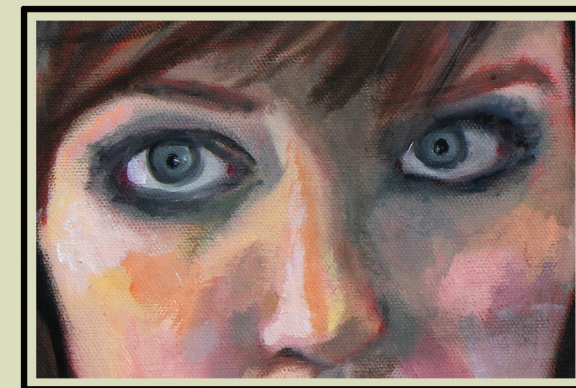
WHAT I DIDN'T TELL YOU

Marliese Dalton

Goodbye.
The last word I heard uttered from your mouth,
then you were gone.

Changing my path was a mistake,
I was scared and overwhelmed.
Fear clouded my judgement.
I keep replaying that night,
Searching for where it all went wrong.

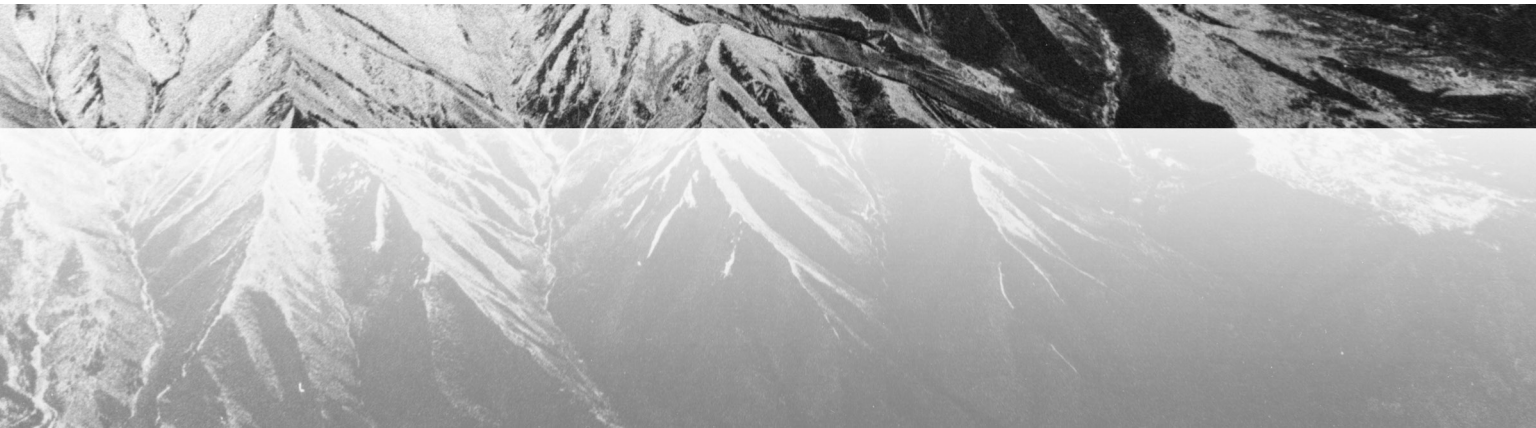
I wish I could go back,
To that night on the phone,
But some mistakes are not easily undone.
No matter how hard you pray,
You can never again find that fork in the road
Where you decided to travel alone.



gouache on bristol (opposite) • allison richter
oil on canvas (above) • maggie patterson

CONDOLENCES

Obi Ananaba



That infinite purgatorial tundra where the sky and ground don't quite meet:
that desolate plot of mind where condolences are like raindrops
and don't actually restore anything.

MY LOVE, I ASK NO WORDS

Claire Crawford

My love, I ask no words to me you speak
But let the stillness of the world occur
I'll have no ardent psalms from your lips sneak
But rather let the silent songs endure
My love is whispered to you like a flame
Its steady flicker yields the warmth you yearn
But none of the foolish phrase to you I claim
Less vain proposals cause the spark to burn
My love, in past my heart such words did break
Their hollowness enticing me in tongues
So no deceptions to my heart I take
Nor tainted melodies to me be sung
Thus speak, my love, through deeds and longing eyes
For in those answers doth your heart disguise

photographic detail (opposite) • catherine falls



SOLO CUP

Lindsey Lanquist

A teenage heart,
Intoxicated by the first sips of
Indulgent
Passionate
Love.
Mindlessly giggling,
Releasing all inhibition;
Each moment exceeding the last.

My heart, though,
Is sober—
Painfully sober,
And empty—
And it watches the other drunken hearts
Laugh and live and love
Until they pass out
And forget the ecstasy and misery of nights before
And live and laugh and love all over again.

*photographic collage detail
(background) • maggie griswold*

HOLDING AIR

Joy Burkart

Wind whistles through my hands
And I remember when I used to walk and pretend
That the wind wanted so desperately to hold my hand
And I didn't worry that it was strange.

photograph (opposite) • hannah mackey



SLICE OF LIFE

MARGE

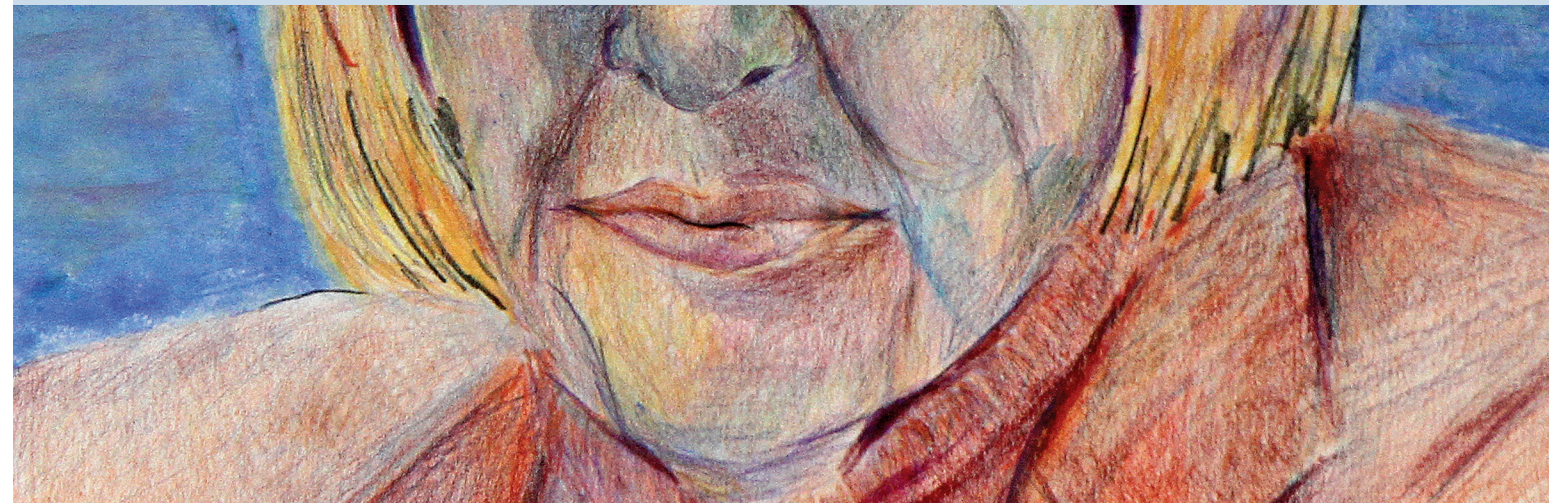
Mary Liza Hartong



She used to be really beautiful,
According to the cashier. Almost like a singer or a flight attendant,
Like she had a lot to say. She never
Comes in anymore.
This woman, she
Can't go into grocery stores.
She wasn't supposed to live this long,
Like a corgi that just won't bite the dust,
But she has
And like everyone else she has to eat.
It isn't the fluorescent lighting, though that annoys most people.
Not the over-zealous manager with a name like Glenda or Sparky either.
The trouble comes from deep within the labyrinth
Of the aisles
As she drags the heavy cargo of her body towards the perishable items:
Long sweater, immaculate Keds, pale blue socks.
She's wearing a dress she sewed when she used to sew.
All is as well as it can be at this age, just fine
Like tasteless porridge,

Just fine.
But then she starts to smell something—cantaloupes
—which brings back the memory of slicing cantaloupe for her husband
on a Sunday, five years ago, near Easter.
He was fixing an old radio and just as he finished
He said something terribly funny.
She dropped the cantaloupe while laughing and he kissed her.
The remark, the joke,
She thinks,
Stuck just a few steps before the frozen chicken dinners.
What did he say?
Even if she inhales the cantaloupe smell further
The door is still jammed.
A whiff, just that, so hellishly short.
Every aisle another decade of their life together.
Strawberry this, turkey that.
She would rather not eat at all than live in this Winn Dixie of memories.

It's a pity, says the cashier as she scans my canned peaches and cereal,
She used to be quite beautiful.



colored pencil detail • jessica goldenring

STAPLER

Litton Whitaker

The chipped gray paint
attempts to conceal the metal frame
of my sturdy stapler.
It sits there, mouth open, like a patient, obervant
crocodile,
day after day,
staring at me from my desk with its geometric eyes
and sharp teeth.

I keep it because it's an old stapler and has
experience—metal tradition.

Sometimes, I forget it's there.
But when my papers are free,
loose and relaxed,
I can't help but look at the heavy dispenser,
the perpetual routine.

Shuffle, stack, place, press, click.
Shuffle, stack, place, press, click.

I feel bad for my papers,
whose corners are pierced, unwillingly.
My corners are being pressed, too,
by this machine of
Study, work, focus, click.



LATIN TEXTBOOK

Catherine Walton

a found poem

They say thoughts
And feelings have no use.

Speech, mental activity,
Sense perception will not
Help you here.

All that is left
Are indirect statements,
And accusatory remarks.

But these rules follow the same
Pattern. Recognizing this is easy:
The challenge lays in translation.

It's time to transform the system;
Thinking, feeling, seeing, hearing
Will change the perception.
The end is not finite.
After all, nothing is absolute.

EARLY DECISION

Sarah Oppenheimer

I sit looking at them.
Their names stare at me with blank expressions.
In a mood of unabbreviated luck, I choose one.

PROCRASTINATIONS

Ellen DeWitt

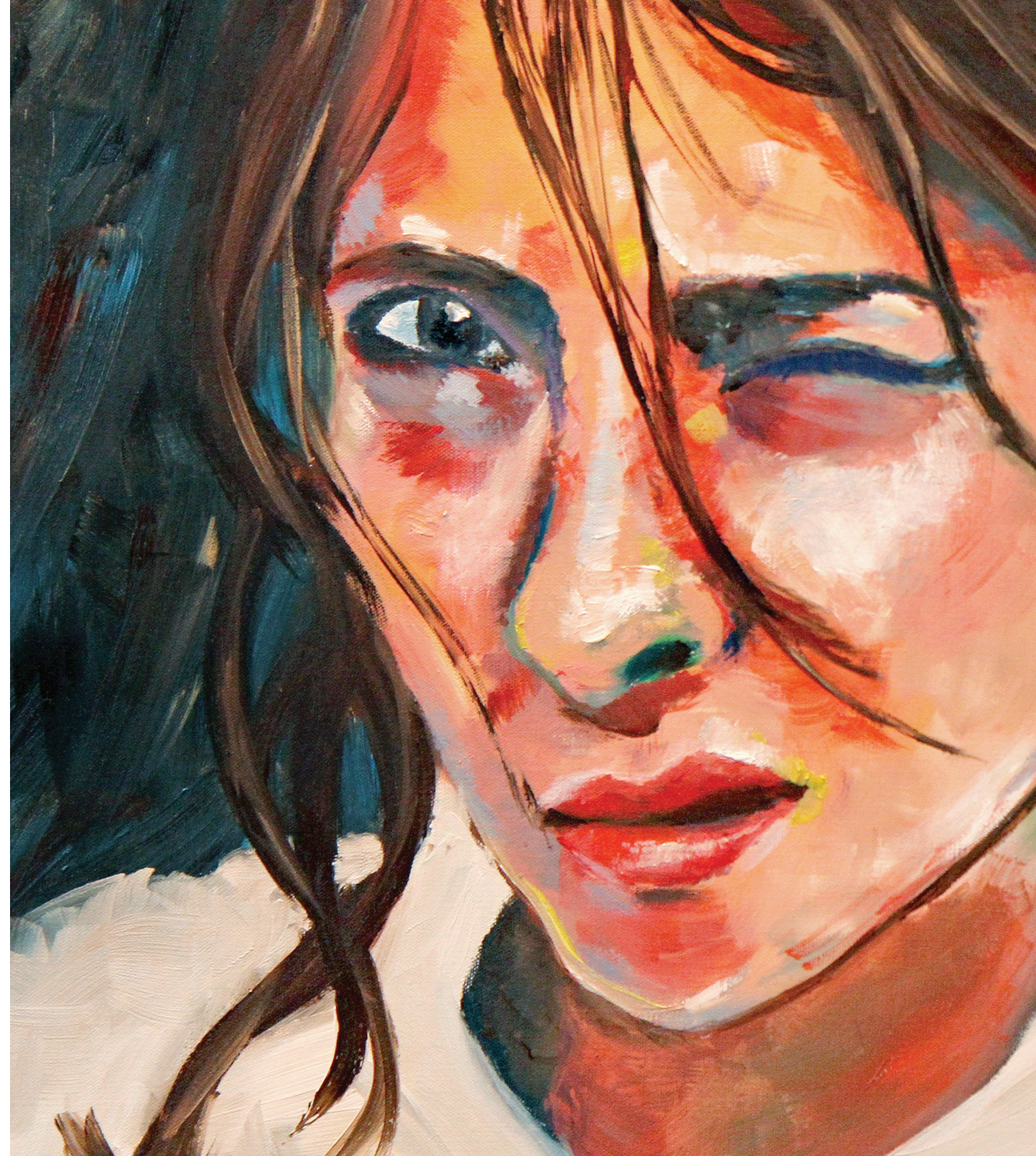
Why do we put these things off?
Apologies and confrontation.
Avoiding them until they come back to us.
The time and the talk that we avoid,
Why does it matter?
Eventually all will be in the past
Away and asleep.

EASY AS CAKE

Julie Wilson

Are you offended by my peanut butter and jelly sandwich?
By my desire to wash the dishes,
to go shopping with my friends,
to get a coffee and flirt with the cashier,
to order—
dare I say it—
cheesecake?
Yes, I went there.
I would like a slice of cheesecake, please and thank you!
If you could add some gay rights on the side, that would be nice.

oil on canvas (opposite) • tori dickerson





VISIONS

AMORAL MORAL

Gracie King

The dancing man in the crow mask laughs
His harlequin clown giggles back
The hot sweaty polar bear rolls on the floor
And their amusement colliding is in a splash of neon

The room thrums of bagpipes and fairy song, such sweet voices but what of the words
Smells of sweat and sweet delicate crumbing pastries of cinnamon and orange
The cow has jumped the moon and is doing the cancan with the spoon,
The dog weeping into the cat's shoulder
The world spins and spins and spins and you are spinning with it and it is just so much
Fun

The moon-faced mime moves and you whisper lost words that might be his:
“The silent bird has the most beautiful song, and the widest smile has the saddest heart”
And you laugh so very hard with tears running down your face like rain upon the sun, as the
wild-haired lion sings his song, his collared throat producing such happy grating sounds

Oh and the elephant's wise words are ignored
The snake's are revered and sin has ceased to be
And the world is turning into a place of purple and red,
but it is okay in the wild, never-picked-up laughter
Each one of us is alone in this crowded room and the couple kissing in the corner
is just as solitary as the sulking vampire denied his meal

Oh we will die when the sun touches the sky and resurrect ourselves to dance again with the night
For good and bad have not yet been invented or invited to this dance, for we know the names of all
and yet we know naught what to do

So we continue to stumble around the room
So we continue to laugh with nothing to abandon
So we continue ...
So you will dance with us forever.

photograph (background) • delaney royer

MADNESS IS NAUGHT

Gracie King

O mister Poe o mister don't you know how shadows go
And reach up to snatch you away
To the mind's dreadful darkness so far from day

To the horrifying trenches
demon lads and demon wenches dancing
In your pain and blight
Horror shown in hell fire's light

Oh the lucky ones with sanity
Not entombed in their heads like you and me
To see the out and not the in
Never an apple tempted them

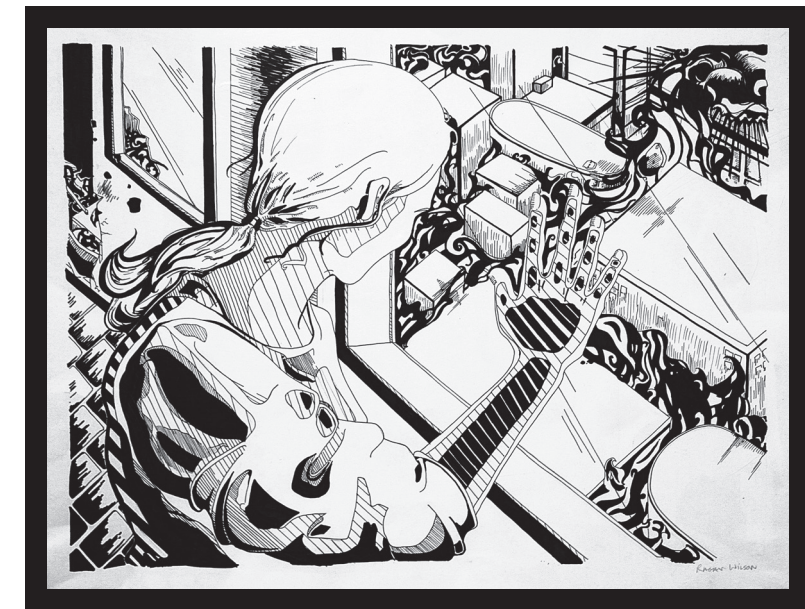
Our imagination slithers by to
Look us warily in the eye
True sanity is smothered in the night
And madness is naught but reality's light

marker on paper (opposite) • ragan wilson
oil on canvas (background) • ragan wilson

SHADOWS

Ansley Murphy

If we were to stay in this world full of endings,
We would be the last ones to walk this place.



CARRIED THROUGH LIFE ON WAVES

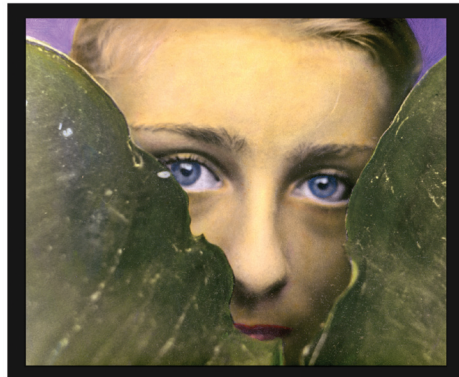
Grace Hawkins

The pastor's hand dips in to the bowl
Of liquid life and he places,
On my head, his hand.
He prays to the one truth
In this world of
Contradictions, and within me
Fills the spirit of love.
My life is new, and
I am reborn.

photograph • ellie davidson



BLOODHOUND



Sarah Oppenheimer

Their noses sniff the shadows, at dusk
The leaves crumble beneath them
Leaving maps of the past
Forgotten until morning.

I can hear them.
They are only a single nightmare away.
The ivory hangs, but their teeth can taste
The faint
Traces
Of you.

I can never run far enough, fast enough
Because no matter how hard I try to forget,
Their noses appear from under the rug.

EXPERIENCE

MY SWEETHEART

based on a poem by Nâzım Hikmet

Anonymous

My sweetheart,
here's how it starts, the eyes now open
the burn of cheap alcohol,
the evaporated fears,
and the crowds of concerts going on 'til morning ...

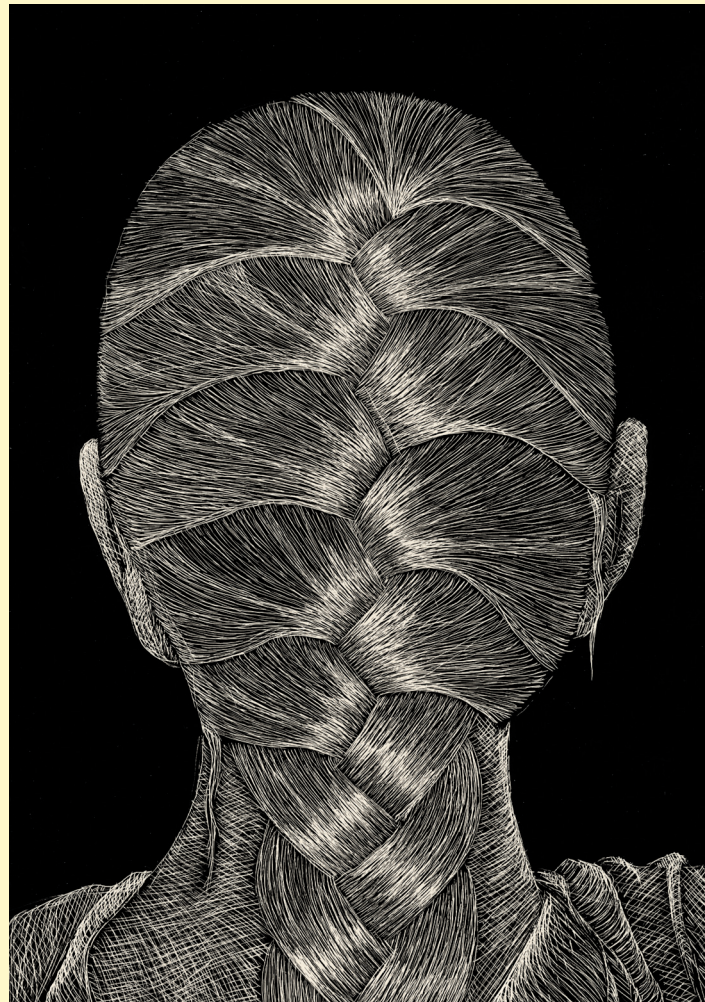
And boys kiss girls:
more drunkenly
more readily
and more
than they do their mothers on their birthdays.

My sweetheart,
the crowds of concerts meant
I lost my virtue, my shield and me
in the rebellion,
but after the purge, the blackout and the groans,
I never stopped hoping for something different
that would knock on my door, with renewal

*hand-colored photo (opposite) • hollis herndon
silk screen on bristol • marion cox*

MONDAY MORNING, 36TH PRECINCT DISTRICT OFFICE

Mary Liza Hartong



scratchboard • charlotte hughes

Before we beckoned her in
We chattered about the unseasonably cold weather,
Our comically inconvenient parking spaces,
And the circumstances surrounding her recent misdemeanor.
I turned my chair away from the window—
If the light's bothering you, feel free to change seats—
as we spoke in unhushed voices about this girl's life.

Though why we,
On this particular Monday morning,
Had any right to know her business
I still do not know.
Somewhere she was sitting on one of those unforgiving metal chairs
Clutching her prewritten statement to her guilty, virgin knees
waiting for us to let her in.

She felt very sorry for what she had done,
Which this time I believed because I'd seen those before her
Who only regretted that they had been caught.
You had a few drinks before the party, is that right?
And what exactly were you doing with that boy in your car?
They asked her things I would never say aloud.
I'm sure my eyes betrayed me, looked something like
a deer begging the car to brake,
But I couldn't help it.
Every bit of me was grasping onto her shoulders, shaking her, saying
“Don't you dare tell them that! That is yours!”

Every person deserves her secrets
And there they were,
Searching her pockets and stripping her down to the naked,
Scared teenage girl they all once were.

NOCTURNAL

Catherine Walton

Night descends
On sleepy, provincial towns.
Curtains close; lights go out—
Time begins to crawl
Underneath the starry sky.
Rampant minds never rest:
Not everyone savors silence.
And hiding in darkened corners
Lay the insomniacs, loneliest of all.

hand-colored photo • mary claire bennett

IMBEDDED

Catherine Walton

I woke up this morning
with a poem on the tip of my tongue,
but as the sun rose I felt it
slipping back down my throat.

Now it lays lodged,
in the in-between spaces
where the ribs form their cage
around the heart—

Where someone once carved
his name into skin and sinew,
leaving permanent reminders
of lovers' last folly.

When we are wrinkled and wise,
will we find one another,
and trace the scars we left
littered along each other's spines?

FREEMAN

Julie Wilson

I looked out the window and saw fields of propped up crosses and flowers leaning against them. I turned my head back to the road, realizing I needed to ignore all the bad signs and look for the one that said “welcome.” I finally pulled into a parking spot, after going over tiny speed bumps that no matter how slow you go over them your stomach still seems to flip, and walked her into the hospital. There were two cold escalators sliding up against each other, and we ascended one, hoping it would take us to the right place. The walls changed into mutual beiges and oranges, adorned with Rorschach-like paintings of blue and red stripes with boxes sometimes appearing. They seemed like they were supposed to mean something, but I categorized them as elementary school art and moved onto the elevator.

“This is the one that can hold gurneys,” my friend said, a tantalizing smile quickly sliding into place. She pushed the button for level three, and we walked out backwards onto a shiny floor. I tried to walk on the ceiling light reflections, but they always escaped me by a foot or two. My eyes were on our feet as we walked, but occasionally I snuck a glimpse up, taking in the children and adolescent psych floor. There were relatively few people here, several lone teenagers on their phones and whispering old women whose eyes stuck to me, like vultures on their prey. My friend signed in with the receptionist, and we sat down in soft chairs with smooth wooden arms. The ceilings were high with windows near the very top, through which I could only see reminders of the rainy day. We talked about many things, none of them being why we were here, until the receptionist looked at us as if she were seeing us for the first time. She wondered aloud if we had been checked in, and my friend nodded yes, she had, and the receptionist called out to me, several times, to which I replied, several times, that no, I was just waiting with my friend. It wasn’t that she didn’t believe me—it just appeared that I was meant to be there, too. I shook my head, no, this wasn’t true, and my friend continued her discussion of high school dances and losing her date to a friend who asked minutes before her. Was it fair? Was any of this fair? The doctor, his nametag announced “Freeman,” came out from his hiding place and called the group of girls waiting to come together.

My friend stood up and joined them, while I started to walk away. I kept feeling the need to look back, to make sure she had gone in okay, to see if the group was the right one for her, and saw the old women again. I put my eyes forward and ignored them, choosing to stare straight at the elevator doors. A strange sadness had come over me, and I felt as if I was in a dream. It felt wrong to be going down two floors instead of up and to walk out of the doors as if it was okay that I had left. She was the one who was going to a support group, not you, I told myself. She’s in there now, she’s fine. You did your job, you’re fine. As I turned the key in the ignition, pulled out of the parking lot, and drove away, I let the rain fall down my windows instead of wiping it away and realized that I should’ve been brave enough to say that I wanted to stay.

photographic detail (opposite) • julia alexander



HER SHINE

Nicole Jackson

As I lay down that night
I realized I could not sleep.
My mind was racing
Thoughts I'd rather push away
Flood my sanity
Without a doubt
Making me insane.

Staring...
Just staring at my white ceiling
Wishing I could be
Gazing at the stars instead
But I think
Even then
I'd be disappointed.
The stars always
Shine darkly on a bad night.

A night like this night
Where the remains of the day
Are all terribly wrong

I wish not to remember.
Though I know
I will.
I wish to forget
Though the thoughts
Remain still.
They'll linger on my mind
Like memories,
Etched into my brain

What happens when
My memory gets full?
Then will I forget?
Hopefully.
Hopefully a day will come
When I forget to remember.
But that day
Is no time soon.

There's anger boiling.
Beneath the surface making
It so hot we can't walk on it.
The floor.
But we do.
We burn our feet.
We feel the discomfort, and
Perhaps the truth has
Always frightened us.
You know,
The hidden agenda behind the smile,
And the certainty behind
Lying eyes.
I'm tired of this smile
That even I don't
Recognize.

Isn't it okay to cry?
What should happen if
We hold back tears
Until we die?
Then would it be
Okay to cry?
I guess.

But let's be real.
All you know of me
Is my name.
Just as much as
The sun knows of the moon:
Only that it
Steals her shine.

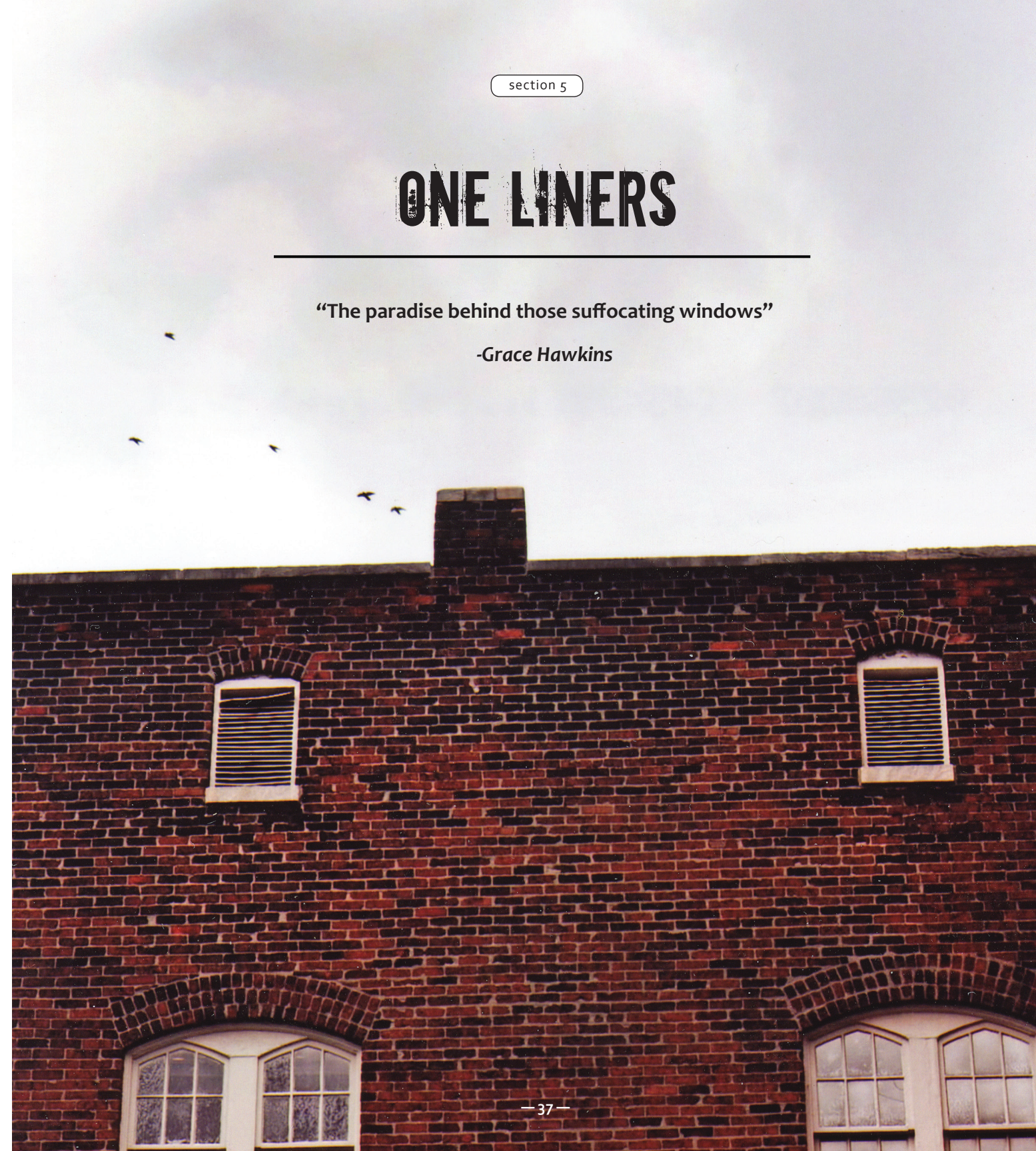
color photograph (opposite) • rosie compton

section 5

ONE LINERS

"The paradise behind those suffocating windows"

-Grace Hawkins





“Poetry is the mist that sweeps along the ground”

-Marliese Dalton

“I am a box entangled in a vivacious ribbon”

-Hollis Herndon

color photograph • rosie compton



VOICES

“Let them feed me passion with a spoon”

-Halle Zander

silk screen • elise davis

BUBBLING GRAY

Claire Perrone

Like a corked bottle of Champagne
 That's how I have lived.
 I'm sure you understand that
 In this state of perpetual gray
 I have been suppressed. All this
 I did not know. I did not know
 Until he showed me.
 In a tilted smile, a wink of his eye,
 Beautiful gifts, and the touch of his lips
 He showed me life
 In extravagance.
 In tandem we broke the bottle,
 With its dusty filth exterior,
 And I bubbled up, burst out
 And realized a sweetness in myself.
 Like a glass of Champagne
 I was hardly contained;
 The glass was far too fragile. You see,
 I had to flow, I had to run
 Away from my gray stained home.
 What if the gray stained me too?

In this life, you do not appreciate
 The ugly, the boring, the dull
 —the gray—
 Especially not
 In that bubbling, airy sweet state
 Of affection. So, please understand
 Beauty does not exist
 Without ugly, without pain.
 You see, I did not see,
 I did not understand
 How ill-suited his flowers were
 In this field of ash and smoke.
 Their beauty, their color, their scent
 All mauled by the gray:
 The in-between, the indifference,
 The color that represents nothing.
 In death, I learned these things,
 So trust me when I say
 You'll never see another gray
 Flower.

charcoal on paper (opposite) • delara alviri



GILDED LION

Natalie May

Some days I hardly think I'll bear it,
The dragging routine of my life.
Struggle out of bed,
Watch the lazy clouds of ash
outside the window,
Pretend not to notice his fumbles.

Must I always play the damsel
In this dull moving picture of a
Home, marriage, life?
Am I doomed to forever endure
His idiot glances and borrowed suits?

Sometimes I wish
one of these old cars or trucks,
or trains might run clear over me.
I picture their massive, hulking weight
Bearing down upon my breast,
Stealing my breath and offering instead

A chance to rid myself of all this grime.

But no.
I could not rid myself of Him.
He whose freshly tailored suit
Is never tarnished
by any bit of worldly waste.
No putrid exhaust can sully
The moments spent with Him,
Where I wake to watch the silver city
Glisten in the clear air.
Where I am the enchanting leading lady
Of an ever-popular play.

I suppose that's the trade-off.
Innumerable years spent training
a monkey to pour coffee,
In exchange for fleeting hours
On the back of a gilded lion.

gouache and ink (opposite) • sarah hong

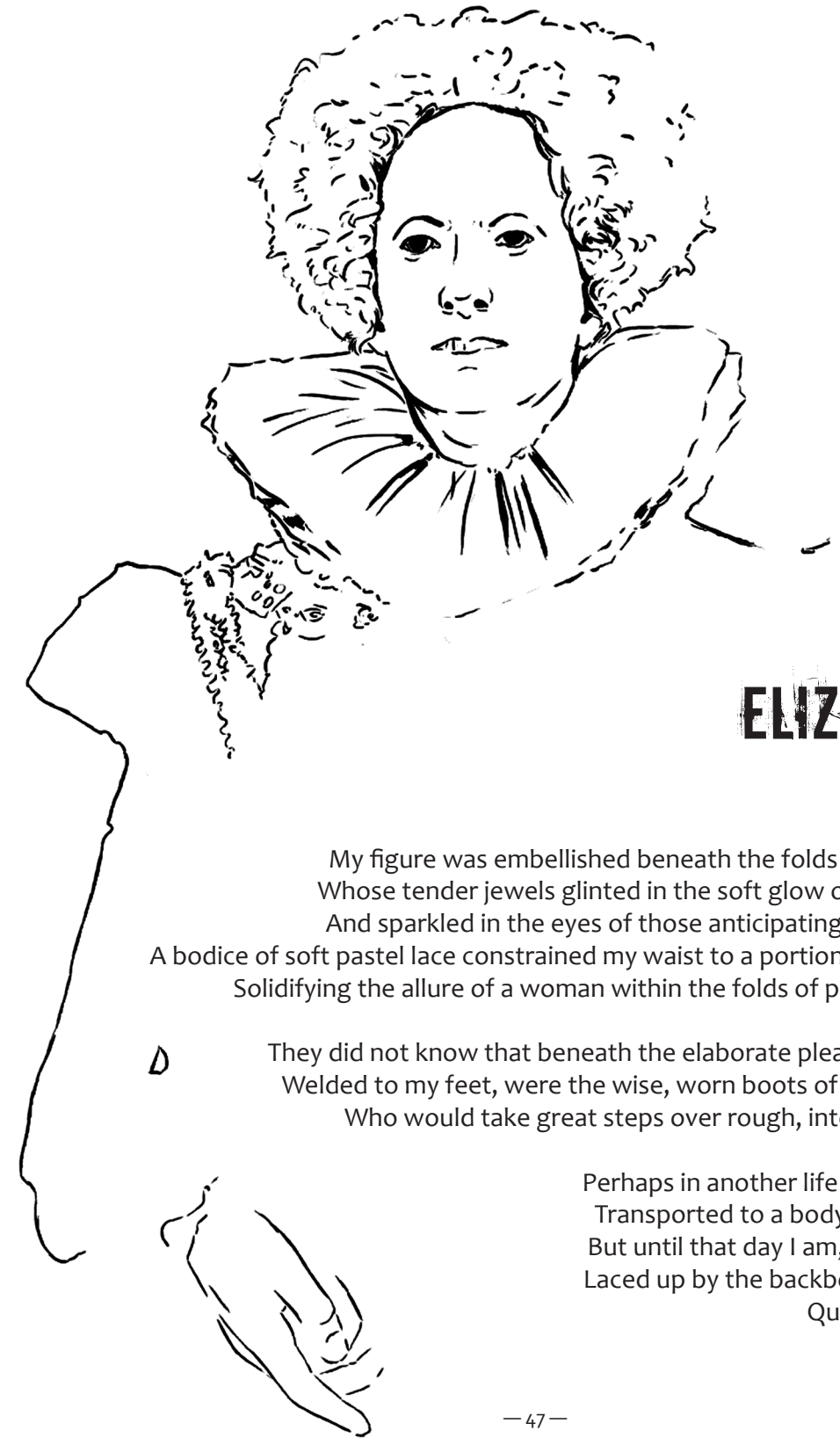




SWIFT ON STELLA

Emerson Smith

Fat, a little too much
Hair, black as a raven
Eyes, striking, impenetrable
Money, in need of



ELIZABETH I

Natalie Estes

My figure was embellished beneath the folds of a farthingale
Whose tender jewels glinted in the soft glow of the grand hall
And sparkled in the eyes of those anticipating my next move.
A bodice of soft pastel lace constrained my waist to a portion of what it was,
Solidifying the allure of a woman within the folds of pale tinted cloth.

D They did not know that beneath the elaborate pleats and furrows,
Welded to my feet, were the wise, worn boots of an ancient man
Who would take great steps over rough, interlacing terrain.

Perhaps in another life you will see me
Transported to a body well deserved.
But until that day I am, and will stay—
Laced up by the backbone—the Virgin
Queen of England.

GOD SAVE YOUR SOUL (JOHNNY ROTTEN)

Lizzie Boston

Morning. Let's vow to be decent with one another, all right?
Then I imagine this will be as painless as possible.
All right, if you're going to pry I might as well start with the first recollection that I got, right?
It's of me, little Johnny, little John Lydon, with the little feet, little head, and here I am, being released, relinquished—if you like the sound of that better—from the darkness...
And I had been there for those six months when they thought they'd lost me.
Not to worry, you ghastly bloke, not to worry, I awoke.
I awoke to Finsbury Park, a bloody Victorian monstrosity, mold on the walls and the lines were hard but we'd cock around so it was all right.

I remember that vivid darkness.
Do you remember when I spoke about that darkness?
It was about five seconds ago, you blundering prat.
Go ahead, scout your brain for it while I'm here,
I'll be patient with you for a spell—not like I'm engaged in anything else.
And it's bloody Baltic outside... can't go anywhere, can I?

All right, well I say “darkness” but it was really a bit of a hazy, vinyl-like place,
Where the lines blurred into one another in a sort of circular motion, you know what I mean?
No, you don't. Of course you don't, you were not present, thank you.
Ah, I see what you're doing—the lying. Already at it, are you?
I don't know about you but I must say—I really must say—I cannot be bothered to tell a lie.
Some advice, chap, the truth is far harder, but it's much more valid.
Some advice for you there...
Now, look what you did! You've distracted me. Naughty.
Don't you tease me. Naughty, naughty.

When I was half ten or so, there was this hamster—Sid the Vicious.

He was really vicious, I'll tell you that much.

So I took the liberty of—what's the word—oh! bequeathing the namesake to the chap, Ritchie, Very affable mate until the drugs. “Sid the Vicious Abuses the Drugs”—abuses.

Really?

You bloody bastards just assume the drugs are the problem, do you?

You do. Oh, yes, you do, you right fine git. It's all right.

Yea, I understand. And you don't because you don't know the power of it.

The blackness of it. It's livid and lovely anarchy, that's what it is.

Little do you buggers know that the drugs aren't what tips you off your rocker... it's something much simpler—but much naughtier—that'll get you nicked in the bullocks.

I won't romanticize anything: I'm not a nancy, all right?

It's not a “love at first sight, and then get off with it” type of connection with me and the music. That's not it at all.

God Save The Queen and all of that, written on that same table that I made my tea.

It was just normal and it is what it is.

“Written with honest intentions, of course, Your Grace!” I'd say to that regal lady!

“Yes, Your Majestic Majesty. Your humbleness, I wrote this for you, because I see the truth in you, you onyx minx.”

Her Majesty and I have a great relationship, as you may know.

I lay my willing, sorry, quivering, obsidian heart down at no one else's feet but those of my dear, Omnipotent Lilibet—and the parliament, too, but only on special occasions.

See, we were black on the inside. And they all liked it.

For a while, when we had it made, they liked it.

They thrived off it, thank you.

And you want to know why? Because the truth is black. And we were the truth.

That “world”—the one with the drugs, the one with the music—the melanoid, melanoma world—that's the real one, mate.

I suppose my last will and testimony to you is that the world is yours if need be.

If not, then to hell with it, right?

Send it away—but before you do, make sure you sweep the soot from your bangers

and give the world a real thick, real nice coat of it,

and tell em' that Johnny sent it.

Yea, tell em' that Rotten boy sent it—admirably, of course, with a snog on the arse—all right?



MOVING ON TO MUSIC

Adrenaline rushes
The words begin
Moving you to join in

-Grace Hawkins

collage (opposite) includes artwork by the following artists:

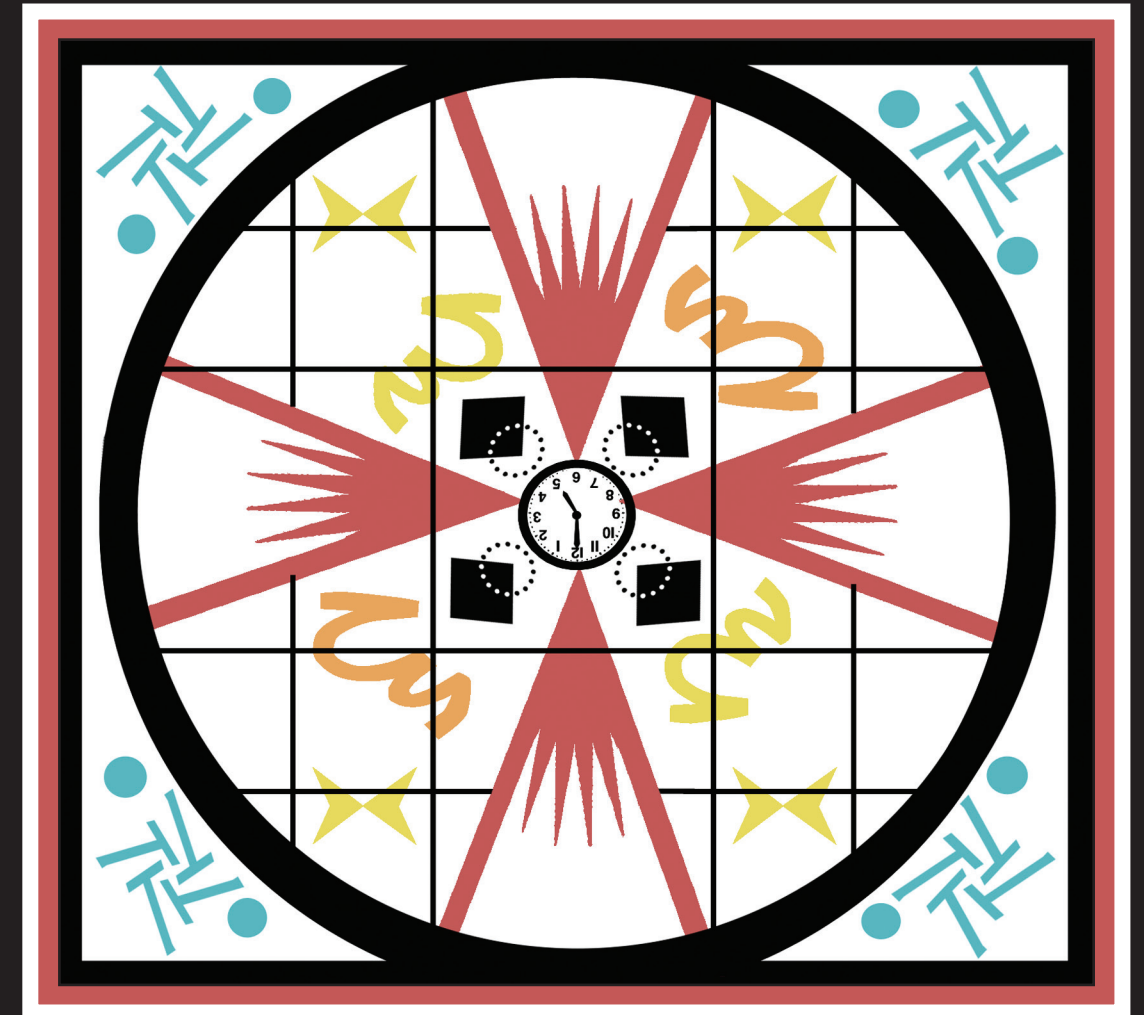
— clockwise from upper left to center —

caroline harwood, alexandra arteaga, molly claybrook,
christina fortugno, noni hill, hayley mowery,
lindsey lanquist, kk rechter, jenna moses

THE 2012 HALLMARKS CD

It's You • Ye Rooz
White Picket Fence • Kynlie Freeman
Stand Still • Sarah Baum
Where Was I • Rebecca Webster
I'm Through • Lark Morrison
Bulletproof • Julia Allen
Unearthly Heights • Tailah Janbakhsh
Lost Angeles • Tori Dickerson and Julie Wilson
Time to Leave • Ye Rooz

Ye Rooz was a student band formed over a three week study/internship course in Winterim. The group was made up of Annika Brakebill, Lilly Carver, Tori Dickerson, Kiya Lacey, Lizzie LeBleu, and Cat Weiss. Natalie Reiman, a member of the layout team under manager Ragan Wilson, created the image opposite.



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(SELF-IMPERFECTION)

Anne Davis Parks

My parentheses are uneven,
And that bugs me.